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"TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY" TO THE RESCUE.
The Old Blaine Mill Will Start Again and Carnegie Will Furnish the Grist.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 30th, 1888.—No. 586.

Puck this week contains 18 pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS ABOUT TIME to have some politics in our political affairs: politics—not personalities. Yet for years that is what "politics" has meant—personalities. A party is supposed to stand for certain principles. But in all this time there has been but one principle animating our two great bodies of voters, and that has been—party. And "politics" has meant electing one man, and defeating another, not because he represented certain principles, but because he represented a certain party. What has been the result? Look back at the last presidential campaign and find the answer there written in letters that should bring the blush of shame to the face of every respectable man.

No, it is not a pleasant task to review the literature of the last campaign. It is not pleasant even to recall the memory of the things that were said and done less than four years ago. And why? What was there in the political record of Mr. Cleveland to call forth the torrents of abuse that poured from the partisan press? Both candidates had been prominently before the country in places of responsibility and trust, which they had attained without giving rise to any violent or indecorous controversy. But when these two men were nominated for the one office, and that the highest and most honorable in the gift of the nation, the people had no opportunity to make their choice on the question of principle, because a contest of personalities was forced upon them by the politicians. Not because there were no issues, but because the men of both parties were afraid to meet them. If Mr. Blaine was to be elected, it was because he was "magnetic." If Mr. Cleveland was to be elected, it was because he was an honest man. Now every president of the United States ought to be honest. And it is a matter of absolute indifference whether he is magnetic or not.

Mr. Cleveland was elected. He was elected because he was an honest man. But there are other qualifications for the presidency than the admirable one of honesty. One of these qualifications is courage, another is statesmanship. Mr. Cleveland has proved himself to possess both in bringing an issue squarely before the American people. It is an issue which is of personal interest to every consumer and every wage-earner in the country. It is an issue on which a presidential campaign can worthily be fought. Mr. Cleveland will probably be nominated by the Democrats. But if Mr. Blaine is nominated by the Republicans, will this issue be brought fairly before the people? It will not. It will of course be an element in the contest, but it will be obscured by the personal canvass which Mr. Blaine is sure to make, which is the only canvass he has shown himself capable of making.

What will Mr. Blaine's canvass mean? It will mean personal abuse of Mr. Cleveland; it will mean wild and absurd prognostications of disaster to the workingman in case of the reduction of the tariff; it will mean the wealthy members of trusts and protected manufacturers putting up all the money they are willing to risk in the game of politics to restore the old order of affairs, where the richest places in the nation's gift were distributed to "workers" and political favorites, and where duties were put upon imports at the request of manufacturers without reference to the needs or demands of the people; it will mean in short an appeal to every low passion and mean desire by which men may be swayed.

The issue that Mr. Cleveland has presented is a definite method of reducing the enormous surplus that is accumulating in the National Treasury beyond the demands upon it for meeting the ordinary expenses of the government and for paying off the public debt. The necessity of meeting this question with a rational answer has existed ever since the "surplus" became, first an imminent, and then an accomplished fact. But it did not please the politicians to recognize this necessity, because they were politicians and not statesmen. A war of personal abuse was far more suited to their tastes and powers than one conducted on the basis of their country's good. They were politicians for personal reasons, and they saw no advantage to themselves in a campaign conducted on other than personal grounds. For this reason the Republican army of office-holding politicians nominated James G. Blaine, and for the same reason

the same men will strive to nominate him again. But Grover Cleveland, by raising the standard of Tariff Reform, has given the decent men of both parties an opportunity to look upon the nation's welfare as the first consideration of a citizen. To many men who vote next Fall this will be a new experience, but it must prove a wholesome one.

Should we not hope that a man will be nominated by the Republican party, who is personally respectable, whose record will not have to be investigated, who is decent and honest, and who has character enough of his own to meet the candidate of the Democrats and Independents on this issue? Certainly to any thinking man, the issue that is presented is vastly greater than any individual interest, and it is for the good of the whole country that the one great question of the hour should be settled, and settled on its merits.

You who read these words may be of any shade of politics under the sun, but you are a thinking man. Think how much more healthful would be a campaign fought out frankly and clearly to the solution of an economic problem than the fight which must come when a man personally unworthy aspires to the place held by an honest and high-minded public servant!

SONG OF THE HIGH PROTECTIONIST.

O H, yes, we'll build our commerce up by legalized starvation
And benefit our workingmen by general taxation.

We'll help the millionaire grow rich without especial struggling;
And, though we put the brakes on trade, we boom the art of smuggling!

We've put a penalty on food; for each protection meeting
Would adequately stigmatize the heinous vice of eating.
Against this fine no man should raise a cavil or a question,
But pay a daily license for the privilege of digestion.

We must protect the workingman from European labor,
Teach him to venerate himself and execrate his neighbor.
Protect him while he earns enough to grind the government axes
And gets enough each Saturday to pay his weekly taxes.

We would reform the workingman, and view with special loathing
His vicious predilection for, and tendency to, clothing.
And we feel sure no patriot will ever grudge the giving
The Government a daily tax for privilege of living. S. W. Foss.



WHY THE MARCH STOPPED.

DRUM MAJOR HUNKS.—Stop dat music! Ef any
gemmun ob de barnd is spry 'nough fer ter clime dat
tel'graft pole en shek down dat batton, I'll try not ter
chuck him s' high nex' time!

MY MARY JANE.



I.
For all the maids in Brooklyn city
There's none can match my Mary Jane;
She is so pretty, sweet, and witty,
She fills my heart with loving pain.
When I do see her in the area,
A-polishing a window pane,
She looks just like a story fairy,
That little white-armed Mary Jane.

II.
She's chambermaid at number seven—
Her master is an overseer—
And I sell meat at number 'leven,
The butcher shop of Rufus Grier.
I cut the steaks for man and missus,
And many a flatt'ring smile I gain;
I wish them smiles were turned to kisses,
And came to me with Mary Jane.

III.
When she goes out to take her airing
Upon a Thursday afternoon,
Her pretty fixings all a-wearing,
She's fairer than the silver moon.
There is no lady in the street here,
Who sweeps along in satin train,
That's rigged more stylish or completer
Than sweet and lovely Mary Jane.

IV.
I took her to a ball last winter—
'T was given by the B. P. U.'s*—
She broke the fellers' hearts to splinter
A-tippin' on them pinks of shoes.
Them shoes—they'd done for Cinderella!
Her dress was only blue delaine,
But blessed if there was half so swell a
Miss there as my Mary Jane.

V.
The dearest wish I've for the future,
When I can stock me up in beef,
'S to turn an independent butcher,
And Mary Jane make Mrs. Keefe.
Though clouds should come and stormy weather,
We'll nothing of the storms complain;
We two will make sunshine together
When she becomes my Mary Jane!

* Butchers' Protective Union.



INGENIOUS THING, this English language. When you hear a citizen say:
"Oh, he's a good man," you can't tell whether he is talking of a pugilist or of a deacon.

THE CELTS are devotedly attached to their Shamrock and rye.

MY SON, the only man in this world who can truly be called happy is the public officer who can, by the same act, perform a clear public duty and gratify a grudge against a political enemy.

SALESMAN (*in Boston clothing store, to PROPRIETOR*).—Excuse me just one moment, please; but there is a customer down front who is inquiring for "pants," and talking about "gents'" underwear. He is from Chicago, I presume; but really, I can not endure the strain on my nerves. At least, I can not afford to do so for six dollars and fifty cents per week.

A NEW JERSEY GOAT was recently seen in an ecstasy of rapture while serenely eating a barbed-wire fence. The barbed-wire fence is a very toothsome thing.

EDITH THOMAS says the anemone and golden-rod never meet, because they belong to different seasons. If Miss Thomas could see the pictures that come from the brushes of painters who paint job lots from the imagination, showing the pumpkin and strawberry blowing together, she would change her song.

WE ARE TOLD that the Siberian Railroad will connect Napirsk, Chita, Irkutsk, Tomsck, Tobolsk, and Ekaterineburg. We think that if these names were connected, and had a handle adjusted to the rear end, they would make a first-class meat-saw.

MILK RIVER, MONTANA, is probably so called because of the water it contains.

WHILE OTHER SECTIONS of the country have occasional cold weather at this season, Arkansas always has Hot Springs.

"I DON'T SEE how you ever learn to find out where you are on the pathless, trackless ocean," she said to the captain, as she gazed on the waste of waters.

"Why, mum," he replied, pityingly: "it's as easy as rolling off a log."

And the wild winds wailed.

IT SEEMS TO US that there ought to be a brand of cigars called "The First Baby."

YES, MR. STANDEMOFF, the tailor who remarked that the suit he made for you did n't last as long as his suit against you, is a very sartorial sort of a fellow.



Puck's Pictorial Gazeteer

XIII.

NEWARK, N. J.



NEWARK is on the outskirts of the United States, and within the confines of New Jersey. It is a large city; not large in area, but in resources. An ancient but frequently resurrected newspaper paragraph alleges that everything, from a pump-handle to an Atlantic cable, is manufactured in Newark.

The city is situated on the west-hand side of the Passaic River. East Newark is located on the other side of the river, and the residents of that place feel offended when referred to as East Newarkers. They are a proud and overbearing people, just because they happen to live half-a-mile nearer to New York than the people on the west bank of the river; they have reason to be proud of that, but it does not warrant them in being overbearing.

Geographically speaking, Newark is twenty minutes from New York, (Penn. R. R. time. Fifty-nine minutes per D. L. & W. R. R. time.) New Yorkers have much to be grateful for to Newark; it stands between them and Philadelphia.

Had this description of Newark been written a year ago, two-thirds of it would have been devoted to laudations of the local Order of the K. of L. and the other labor organizations. But the glory of the K. of L. is gone hence, and there is not as much of it left as there is of the late blizzard's snow.

A year ago it ruled Newark with a high and mighty hand. In those days the local editors sent forth their valiant scribes twice and thrice each morn and eve to beseech the "Most Noble Master Workman" to deign to inform them how many strikes he had ordered during the past hour. The Master Workman, with his scores of walking delegates and secretaries, was a mighty personage in those days; and to receive a kindly nod from him was better than an order for goods.

But, alas, all is changed; the Master Workman and his cohorts are metaphorically defunct. The "Poor Workingman" is so contentedly busy that he has not time to strike.

This strange condition of affairs happened thuswise. When last summer's sun was shining, and the boys were bathing in the city's water supply, the manufacturers concluded that they had been the serfs of the

K. of L. long enough; so they issued a pronunciamento declaring that they would no longer have their business conducted by the "Noble Order," but would attend to it themselves; nor would they submit to any more strikes, lockouts, boycotts, etc.; and thus the K. of L. "keeled."

The editors and scribes no longer wear out shoe leather seeking the abiding place of the M. W. It has even come to such a pass that when a Master Workman was recently arrested for beating his wife, the editors stood in such little dread of the Order that they published accounts of the offender, just as if the offender was an ordinary mortal.

It is recorded as a fact, strange though it may seem, that the M. W. has to work for a living, like any other mortal. Hopes are entertained that a rejuvenation of the Order will occur soon, which will obviate the necessity of the M. W. submitting much longer to such an indignity.

Newark is also blessed with Society and "Sassietty." The former is composed of people whose grandfathers made fortunes in the tanning of hides and the manufacture of shoes. They turn up their aristocratic noses in lofty disdain at the other wealthy people, who try to be elegant and refined in the face of the well-known fact that their fathers were tanners, brewers and wholesale cobblers.

It is an established law in Newark society that the social portals are closed against tanners of the first and second generations.

Brewers and their progeny are treated with more consideration; they are tolerated in the second generation. An instance is recorded where a manufacturing brewer and his family were admitted, but this was an exceptional case.

Newark has also styles and customs that are *sui-generis*: a few seasons ago Presbyterianism was the fashionable religion; but it has gone out, with the red and *decollé* hair, and the brown-stone front fashions. The present styles are Episcopalianism, tailor-made gowns and combination brick-and-marble chateaus.

The "fly" young man and the chipper young woman are still in style in Newark.

Sylvester Mack.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.



TUPPYLE (*to CHUMPLV*).— Bah Jove, Awthur, I forgot to bring me flawsk along!

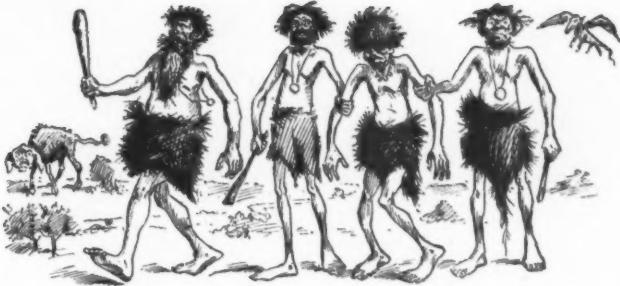


MRS. KINCAID (*out of the kindness of her heart*).— Tek a sup o' this, gentlemin. It's not me wud see anny wan suffer phin th' kid has his fill.

A PREHISTORIC ROMANCE.



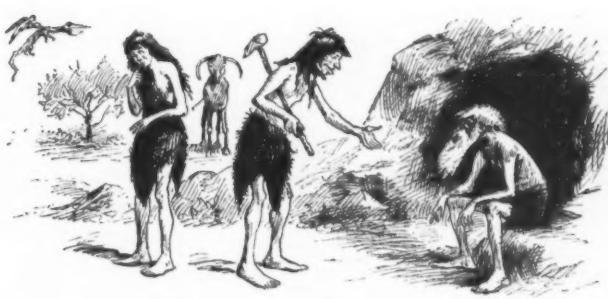
1.—He was out on a little Ichthyosaurus-hunting-trip, and having stopped at a wayside cave for some refreshments, he fell in love, at first sight, with the daughter of the house.



6.—The police appearing, as usual, just after everything was all over, took the defeated rival into custody,



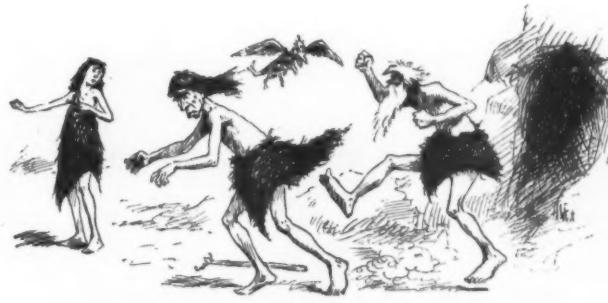
2.—Their courtship progressed smoothly, until one day they were observed by another admirer of hers, a gentleman engaged in managing a stone arrow-head trust,



7.—while the victor hastened to seek the young lady's father, to ask his consent.



3.— who immediately proceeded to challenge his rival to combat, in a two-hundred-foot ring, antediluvian rules.



8.—The old gentleman, however, being somewhat disappointed at his daughter's failure to make a rich marriage, behaved with a considerable degree of harshness,



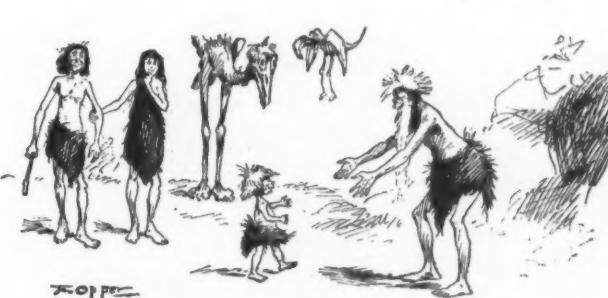
4.—The contest was spirited and scientific,



9.— which precipitated an elopement in high life.



5.—and for the first time on record, Monopoly was knocked out.



10.—Two years later—a mere father may often be hard to handle, but a grandfather has to give in every time.

WAR LITERATURE.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO we suffered in silence. We read resounding martial prose and stirring martial verse, and pretended that war literature, whatever its merit as literature, was brimming with truth, and that it was the stern duty of a citizen and a patriot to nourish himself upon it. There are people still among the living who read sixty-eight "Last Words of the Drummer-Boy," and twice as many "Laments of a Federal Prisoner," and never murmured.

I did it myself. I was tough. Besides, for I will not conceal the truth, I had not at the time a very delicate literary taste. I thought that such lines as: "He waved the fragment of his blade;" "With loud huzzas the

foe rushed on;" and "The mighty tread of armed hosts," the very acme and summit of seek-no-further eloquence. And I did not know much more about war than a poet, and I was not a judge. But now I look back on those things with horror. I am like an awakened somnambulist — one who in all merriment and good faith has imagined himself to be treading a measure with his best girl, and who finds that, as a matter of fact, he has been executing a *pas seul* on the ridge-pole.

The prejudices of the old time have passed away with the struggle that engendered them; and it is now time for the mild-eyed historian to come upon the stage, gaze carefully about to see that the last danger has been removed, and then calmly but firmly set himself to show that nothing was so—in fact, that nothing could have been more absurd.

Having been in the army myself for some years, gathering all the facts concerning matters military, and drawing my pay with an assiduity absolutely tireless, I am fortunately in a position to take the rôle of the mild-eyed historian.

And first, it will be in order to correct the popular impression as to the manner in which the "soldier boys come home." On this point it may be set down with considerable confidence that they do not return *chez eux*, with altogether the *éclat* generally supposed. The ordinary soldier carries about fifty pounds of haversack, canteen, cooking utensils and bedding; and these things, with the guns, pistols, knives, and ammunition that warriors like to take with them on a trip through a strange country on the chance of finding game, tend to induce a degree of lassitude incompatible with the highest enthusiasm. Consequently, the soldier-boy does not "rend the air with loud huzzas," nor does he tread up the ground so inimically to the interests of agriculture as an impassioned literature has informed us. Of course, there is some spirit in the home-coming heroes, but it shows itself more in the way set forth herein.

When the soldier boys march home,
To the piercing, pipering fife,
Don't the officers show off? ? ? ? ?
Well! ! ! ! You better "bet your life!"

And the very earth resounds,
And a tremor shakes the crowd,
As the captain gives commands
Inappropriately loud.

Note how fierce the colonel glares;
It was he who all alone,
In a deadly spot in rear,
Garrisoned a bomb-proof stone.

I see the splendid pageant now. The colonel is the gent on the white horse. Having carefully satisfied himself that the steed is perfectly safe, he clandestinely spurs the wretched animal; and then, being a "fearless horseman," he yanks him in with an iron hand. The boys are marching, at last, through the streets of their native city. The course they will follow was laid out a week ago. The very ragamuffins know where the "procession" will turn. But when a cut-and-dried change of direction is made, most formidably does the gifted colonel shout forth his orders. And most balefully he g-l-lares him about to note if any fal-l-lse tr-r-raitor-r has dar-r-red pause to question. That is the colonel. Great man! And if there is some little, conceited wretch who never did any fighting, who never could do any fighting, he is a captain. He struts in front of his company with the martial gait of a fish-wife, and yells "fours right" or "right shoulder arms" with all the pride of an extempore orator. And behind the lines are various sergeants, bidding the burdened privates to "close up," and to "depress the butts" of their pieces.

Perhaps war literature has abused public confidence even more, in regard to the details of a roll-call. I have now before me one of the "Calling the Roll" lyrics, and I honestly believe that it contains more errors than Shakspere ever made in spelling his name. For instance, it begins: "Cyrus Drew, the orderly cried." Of course this should be:

"Mr. Cyrus H. Drew, Jr., the general politely inquired." When Mr. Dean is solicited by the "orderly" to announce his whereabouts, he is found absent; and a fellow-warrior readily enters into a versified account of how Mr. Dean had carried the "regimental" colors, (of the company,) how he had "fallen with his face to the foe," etc., etc., all to the great attendissement of the "bronzed men at arms" standing near. This is all very fine; but, as a matter of fact, a first sergeant (or sutler) calls the roll; and very slight encouragement is given to remarks about "poppies" and "foes" and "life-currents." And, besides, soldiers do not answer "Here!" but "Ho" or "Hay" or "Hump" or "Hi!" It is considered a great act for a soldier to yell these things, instead of saying "Here!" and it is an act which no man ever neglects.

But, as in case of war, we shall need a small force of men to act as a "nucleus," it will not be the part of a good citizen to push these remarks farther toward the point of annihilation.

Williston Fish.



DEEPER AND DEEPER.

MISS BERKELEY (of Boston, trying desperately to start a conversation).—I've just been taking a course of Tolstoi.

MR. CALUMET (of Chicago).—That lazy waiter ain't got to me with any of it yet.

MISS BERKELEY.—But Tolstoi is n't to eat, you know.

MR. CALUMET.—Then it's all right. I ain't drinkin' to night.

HIS LIFE to music he did give,
At his piano hourly sat,
So musical that he would live
Nowhere but in A b.

PERSONS ACQUAINTED with Italian politics know that Signor Bovio belongs to the Extreme Left. He ought to join Blaine.

A LIBERAL MAN.

DOWNES.—I say, Kirby, you have n't got a quarter in change about you, have you? I want to give it to that poor old fellow on the corner.

STONE (handing him the money).—Your generosity will get you into trouble some day, Upson.



PANDORA.



MY CANDIES! oh, my candies!
My candies red and blue,
That some one kindly sent me —
I will not tell you who —

Have vanished, softly vanished,
Like blossoms from the trees,
When in their snowy curtains
Rustles the wanton breeze.

My pretty box is empty —
My box of heliotrope, —
But nestles at the bottom
One Great Big Golden Hope.
R. K. M.

IN "ENDYMION," Keats alludes to the "pebbled shores of memory." We can say that they are nothing to the broken-bottled shores of the memory of our childhood's swimming days.

MEDIÆVAL MERRIMENT.

PETER, THE HERMIT (meeting Lord BATEMAN).—Bate, old boy, you always look happy, and yet you're a married man. How the deuce do you work it?

LORD B.—Well, I'll tell you, old man. I've got the best wife in the world, and my mother-in-law is an angel.

PETE.—Your mother-in-law an angel! Say, where is she? I want to get a look at her!

LORD B.—Can't do it now, old man. You've got to wait till you go to heaven. She's there!

EMINENTLY JUDICIOUS.

YOUNG HYSON.—I see that Mrs. Scrymage adheres to the English fashion at her receptions, and does n't introduce people to one another.

TOM BIGBEE.—I should say not, with the crowd she has there. Why, if any one of those people suspected who the others were, he'd never go near the house again.

IS IT NOT about time for poets to let up on "murmuring pines" and the "melancholy yew"? The pines murmur no more than the dogwoods, and the yew is not half as melancholy as the oak doorsill that turns out to be maple in the house built by contract.

A WESTERN MAN wants to know if Whitelaw Reid is really the "Duchess" of novel fame. We don't know, but should fancy he would be more successful as a duchess than as a duke.

UTTERLY UNSYMPATHETIC.

PIFFLEY.—Ya-as, I'm raising a moustache.

BIFFLEY.—Well, you'd better raise fifteen cents.

PIFFLEY.—What for?

BIFFLEY.—For a shave.



AN OLD FRIEND.

CORPORAL FINERTY.—Well, well! but it's glad Oi'm t'see yez.
Phwhat wid th' wathered phwhuskey we gits here in Texas, Oi ain't
seen wan o' ye sinch wese left Foort Hamilton, N' Yark.

AN ERROR RECTIFIED.

The curtain had fallen on the first act of the burlesque, and had shut out the last glimpse of shapely ankles. The Young-Man-About-Town had taken his elderly agricultural uncle to the play, and now he laid an awakening hand on the shoulder of the aged ruralist, who sat in a sort of doubtful daze.

"Come along, Uncle," he said: "it's customary to step out and take something between the acts."

"Hold on, hold on, boy!" said the old gentleman earnestly: "let your old uncle get this thing clear in his mind first. Have I ben marri'd to your Aunt Betsey these twenty-one years, an' thought myself a fust-class pervader all that time? Sammy, you hear me, I get the old lady a hank of that there pink stocking yarn afore I leave this town, ef it costs twicet as much as the bloo!"

A DANGEROUS WEAPON.

"I say, my friend, is that gun loaded?"

"No."

"Well, for heaven's sake, then, don't point it at me!"

HENRY OF NAVARRE, if we are not mistaken, always showed the white feather in battle.



AN IRISH DUSTER.

MRS. UPTON FLATTER.—What are you dusting the furniture with, Bridget?

BRIDGET.—Wiv ther dust-pan, mum, what else?

ISN'T PINKERTON "protection" enough for the impoverished barons of Pennsylvania?

THE ETERNAL FITNESS of things demands that people should go to suitable watering places. For instance, why should n't the schoolmaster take Long Branch? The gentleman who has contracted gout from drinking old wine, should try Newport. He should, of course, steer clear of Bar Harbor. The old maid who wants to be taken in and cared for, ought to go to Shelter Island. This shows how the thing can be done, and it is unnecessary to go further.

ALL THE trees are white with blossoms,
All the blossoms full of bees,
And the butterfly is drifting
Through the meadow on the breeze;
And the mulley cow is whacking,
In the pleasant clover seas,
Horse-flies with her feverish caudal —
And we sneeze and sneeze and sneeze,
While Medora sprinkles Persian
Powder on her draperies.



THE STANDARD OF THE WEST.

PUCK. — Hold on, gentlemen! He would be a fit opponent for Cleveland! "THE BOOMERS" (*in chorus*). — Can't help it — Blaine, not Fitness, is what we're after!



PUCK.



MY SHIP!

MY PONY is the pleasant ship
On which I sail care-free,
Where daisies, like foam-flowers, dip
Into the green-grass sea.

The fresh breeze is my riding-whip;
Grasshoppers, big and gray,
Are flying-fish about my ship,
Whose cargo's oats and hay.

A jagged reef that bodes no good is
That stone wall over there;
Great icebergs are those white dogwoods,
That sheep's a polar bear.

That black rock is the whale asleep
Above rich coral caves,
Those butterflies are gulls that sweep
Above the clover waves.

I see my wharf—the shaky stile—
To hurry there I think
Beside this rill I'll stop awhile
To give the ship a drink.

Robert Louis Munkittrick.

HE FOUND A PUBLISHER.

"Since you wish for a perfectly frank criticism," said the editor: "I must tell you that a feverish love story like this one is not suitable for my publication. In fact, the story is too poor ever to find a purchaser."

"Well," pursued the author: "can't I get it printed somewhere, even if it is not paid for?"

"There is a chance for that, and just a chance. You might sign it 'Little Lulu Brown, aged 9 years,' and send it to the *Evening Sun*."

AN EASY JOB.

TRAMP.—Will you please give me ten cents to get to Staten Island with?

GENTLEMAN.—What do you want to go to Staten Island for?

TRAMP.—I can get a job down there for the summer as a wild Indian.

FRANCIS JAMES FÉTIS wrote a book, in 1830, called "Music Explained to the World." Oh, for an hour of Fétis now!



MC PHELIM'S INTELLIGENT GOAT.

MRS. MCPHELIM (watching the return from the Lodge).—Butt th' ould mon aisy, Billy; he's doin' th' besht he can for th' load av him. Whist! Don't ye joggle him loose av th' bottle, fer th' love o' th' saints!

PUCK.

THAT OLD SOCIAL SELL.

"Are you engaged for next Thursday?" inquired Mr. Finecut of Mr. and Mrs. Korton, as he met them on the street.

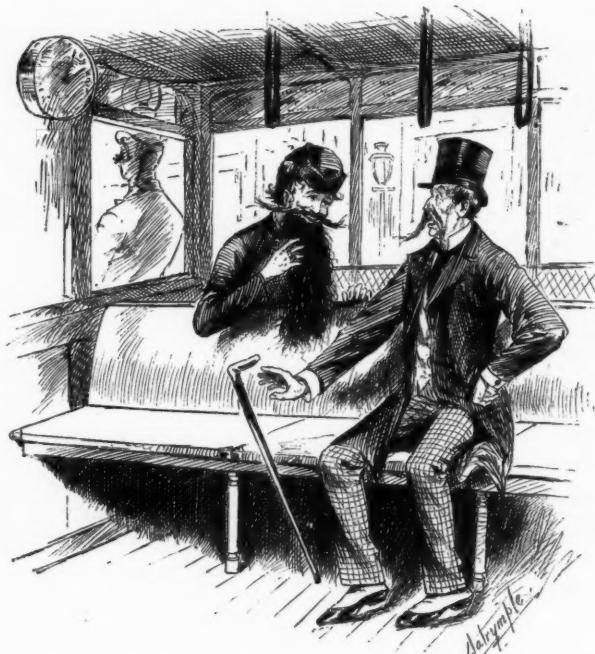
"Sorry to say we are," replied Mr. Korton, promptly—"two deep."

Mr. Finecut expressed his profound regret, and moved on with a depressed expression.

"Why, dear," said Mrs. Korton to her husband: "how could you say such a thing! We have n't anything for Thursday, and Mr. Finecut probably meant to invite us to one of those awfully nice little dinners of his."

"Not much he did n't," returned the experienced Korton: "Are you engaged for Thursday?" means family leg of mutton and a country cousin to entertain. If it had been the nice little dinner, he'd have taken the chances on our being engaged for Thursday. Oh, you'll get to know the blind pool invitation when you see it, after awhile."

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal said about the horrors of the steerage, but we have n't heard yet of any international movement to put the bunco men off the ships.



AS IT WOULD SOUND FROM MASCULINITY.

GENTLEMANLY STRANGER (with whom CULBERTSON has scraped acquaintance on street-car).—Oh, I think your dear, delightful city is too sweet and cute for anything! (Ingenuously.) Don't you, now? And such perfectly killing gentlemen as you have here! They're so-o-o lovely and—

CULBERTSON.—Pardon me, sir; you have n't been here long?

GENTLEMANLY STRANGER.—Only a week. I'm the bearded lady at 1175 Bowery!

IN BOSTON the horse-fiddle is called the "equine violin."

W. BEATTY KINGSTON has written a book, entitled: "Monarchs I Have Met." He would probably be better off if the kings had been aces.

THE REPUBLICAN CAMP is just now in a hubbub, looking for the standard-bearer who will gloriously lead its forces to defeat next fall.

BOB.—I tell you that new teacher is lightning.

BILL.—No, he ain't; lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

MONODY ON A TOPER'S NOSE.—It looked upon the wine till it was red.

ALTHOUGH SHAKSPERE spelled his name eighteen or twenty different ways, yet his average signature would lead one to believe him to have been a clerk in some Chinese laundry.

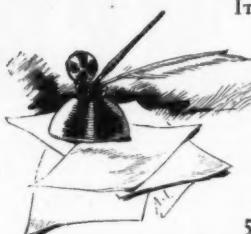
AN EMERSONIAN SHOE-STORE.

MISS WALDO.—Have you any light rubbers, suitable for summer wear?

DEALER.—Yes, Miss; here are some sandals. This part protects the sole, and this little strap going over the shoe—

"Is the over-soul. What a nice idea! I'll take three pairs, please."

A SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF AUTHORS.



IT IS now definitely known that a Society for the Suppression of Authors has been organized. Subscriptions to it are pouring in so rapidly that the services of three policemen are required to prevent the treasurer being killed outright by the shower of silver and gold which is flung at him on all sides by a madly enthusiastic populace. The stock of the company is quoted at 537½; sellers firm at ¾. The object of the society is to obtain possession of manuscript about to be published, and to burn the same before it is inflicted on a suffering world.

In accordance with the now generally recognized principle of business, that the end justifies the means, the society masquerades under the insidious title of "The Universal Publishing Co., and announces in its circulars that it makes a specialty of paying high prices for manuscript of all descriptions, cash payments, strictly in advance. The manuscript being easily obtained, as may be readily imagined, it is used as fuel to warm the bones of an aged colored lady of great piety, who does washing for the president of the society. Letters inclosing checks for various amounts have already been sent to notorious authors, who have sent thousands of tons of MSS. by return mail; and much that would now be driving the world to despair, has been forever destroyed. Samples of the letters sent out may be seen in the following:

J. SH-RM-N, Esq., Ohio—Dear Sir:

Inclosed please find check on Universal National Bank, New York, for \$250,000. Please forward at once manuscript of your forthcoming political novel, "Ruddyshirt; the Bloody Bore," and oblige,

Sincerely yours,

The Universal Publishing Co., New York.

R—T BR—NG, Esq., London—Dear Sir:

Being informed by one hundred Browning Clubs in Chicago that you meditate a new poem, entitled, "Unfathomable Adipocere," we venture to suggest that the inclosed check for £10,000 may turn the poetic tide in the direction of our publishing house.

Hoping that neither the metaphor nor the boodle may offend your sensitive soul,

We are, etc., etc.

LORD ALFRED T—Y—N, Isle of Wight—Dear Sir:

Hearing that you have written a new poem of inestimable worth, entitled, "Love Laughs at Locksley Hall," we take the liberty of inclosing check for £15,000, and humbly suggest that we be allowed to publish the beautiful verses. In case you should be able to make "Locksley" rhyme with "hollow," we think it would largely increase its sale.

Hoping that we do not appear sordid in expressing the thought, and in craving the poem, and awaiting your further commands,

We are, etc., etc.

HENRY G—E, Esq.,

New York:

Inclosed please find deed for 100,000 acres of Texas land, in return for which we expect all manuscript you may intend to publish the coming century.

Yours for business,
etc., etc., etc.

(It is confidently hoped that Mr. G—E has at last been "quieted" by this *argumentum ad hominem*.)

MRS. E. WHEELER W—X

—Dear Madam:

We are resolved to have exclusive control of your poetic works at any price, and expect in return for the check for \$4,751,731, inclosed, that you will give bonds in \$19,000,000 not to write except for us. All manuscript should be sent in registered packages, addressed,

Etc., etc.

MME. OUI-A, Anywhere:
Hearing, that under gal-



HERE'S A CHANCE FOR AN ENTERPRISING SPECULATOR.

"Mr. Jay Gould will spend the summer at Newport. He has been advised by his physicians to try sea-bathing to strengthen his nervous system."—*Daily Paper*.

vanic stimulus you are now producing three sequels daily to the sequel of the sequel of the sequel of the sequel of "The Princess Napraxine," we inclose a sight draft on the Chancellor of Great Britain for all the money in the Imperial Treasury.

Trusting that in return for this slight favor you may pledge all future sequels to sequels of sequels to us, we remain,
Etc., etc.

It is not altogether improbable that excess of manuscript over and above the needs of the venerable African lady will be sold to the ocean steamships. It is thought that, in consequence, the time between Sandy Hook and Queenstown will be reduced by at least twenty-four hours, and that the profit to the Society from the sale of the fuel will be so great that three New York morning papers will be "suppressed." We bid the enterprise Godspeed

C.

ADVICE TO WRITERS.
Lines Written on the Back of a "Rejected MS. Card."

Find a subject that has never before been used.

Get some original ideas on the subject.

Write them down in an entirely original and novel style.

Revise your copy carefully.

Then burn it.

That's all. A. L.



A HARVARD AGONY.

YOUNG HOLLIS, '90 (to BUDWORTHY, '91, who is suffering from the blow of his first rejection).—Ah, Bud, don't believe that I can not sympathize with you. I have known what it is to love and be unloved. It was an awful experience, my boy, and it has left a tender spot in me—

HOLLIS, SENIOR, '88 (from inner room).—Tender spot? You bet it has! You're talking about year before last, ain't you, when the governor shingled you down for getting spooney on the governess? Gad! if you said you were sore now, I would n't blame you!

IN IMPERIAL CIRCLES.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.—Is the army in barracks, Duke?

DUKE.—Yes, sire.

"The ammunition obtained?"

"Plenty, sire."

"The artillery?"

"All tested, sire."

"Are the fortresses manned?"

"Fully garrisoned, sire."

"Then everything is on a war footing?"

"Quite so, sire."

"God be praised! Now I am prepared for peace."

PUCK.

PUGILISTIC.

MISS BEACONHILL.—So you are a Harvard man, Mr. Go-Easy; and what class are you in?

JACK GO-EASY.—I'm in the heavy-weight class now, Miss Beaconhill; but I hope to get down to middle-weight next winter, if I train hard.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A FOSSIL egg, found in the tertiary strata of the Island of Madagascar is 34½ inches one way and 29 inches the other. If our hens could be induced to lay eggs of such size, there would be fewer James O'Connor Powers assuming the rôle of *Hamlet*. It is safe to say that there were no amateur Hamlets in the tertiary period.—*Norristown Herald*.

SMITH (*listening from the office window to a couple of Italian counts grinding hand-organs*).—Wonder if those fellows are playing in opposition to each other?

JONES.—No; they seem to be taking turns.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.—PUCK. Want to know the sneezing point? The nose.—*The Voice*.

SERVIA levies a tax on the bustle. That is sitting down on the bustle in the heaviest fashion.—*Boston Post*.

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GOLD MEDALS.
Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.



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Ginger-*
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U. S. A.
FOR INDIGESTION
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

Years' soah

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"The Vestibule feature in modern railway travel has ceased to be a novelty or experiment; its adoption by the Chicago and Northwestern management fixes its status as a practical every-day adjunct to thoroughly first-class travel, it being well-known that the North-western managers, after deliberate study and careful investigation, adopt such appliances as will promote, in the highest degree, the comforts of first-class travel. Consequently, by process of natural selection, that class of travelers who demand the best service, and do not hesitate to pay for it, are concentrating upon the trains of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway."

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In addition to the unequalled washing qualities of Cashmere Bouquet, its perfume is exceptionally delicate and delightful, being composed of sweet delicious Oriental odors.

BOUQUET

Messrs. Colgate & Co. have sold in the past year an amount of their CASHMERE BOUQUET Toilet Soap far in excess of the combined imports of Toilet Soaps from England, France, Germany, Italy and all other countries.

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This enormous sale of a single soap is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Cashmere Bouquet is but one of 103 varieties of toilet soaps manufactured by Colgate & Co.

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Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Stylo, \$1; Fountain, \$1.50 and up. 247 J. ULRICH & CO., 168 Liberty St., N. Y.

FOR HOME DEFENSE. COST ONLY \$3

Harrington & Richards' Young America.

This is, without doubt, the best double action revolver in the market to-day. Can be furnished 22 cal. 7 shot, or 32 cal. 5 shot. Every revolver guaranteed. Sample sent by registered mail on receipt of \$3.00.



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BALL-POINTED PENS.

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—America, 295,395; Britain, 429.)



The most important improvement in Steel Pens since first introduced. For writing in every position—never scratch nor spurt—hold more ink and last longer. Seven sorts, suitable for ledger, bold, rapid, or professional writing. Price, \$1.50 and \$1.50 per gross. Buy an assorted sample box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.



THE "FEDERATION HOLDERS" NOT ONLY PREVENT THE PEN FROM BLOTTING, BUT GIVE A FIRM AND COMFORTABLE GRIP. PRICE 5, 15 & 20 CENTS. TO BE HAD OF ALL STATIONERS.

WHEN a soul raps at the Pearly Gates for admission, St. Peter does n't ask: "Male or female?" Why should a conference of earthly beings?—*Ottawa Local News*.

In Paris there are people who make a living waking people up in the morning. There are plenty of people who do the same thing in this country, but they don't get paid for it.—*Ex.*



Hot Weather

is the very best time to try PYLE'S PEARLINE. Then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated. Think of doing a large wash with little or no rubbing. Consider how much longer your delicate summer clothing will last if not rubbed to pieces on a washboard. A saving is a gain. You'll be surprised and pleased with the cleanliness, satisfaction and comfort which comes of the use of PEARLINE. Simple—any servant can use it. Perfectly harmless—you can soak your finest linen and laces in Pearline and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best. Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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I am an owl. I am an old owl. I am an old pale-gray owl, and wisdom begins at my head, and trickles off my talons. I am a bird of wisdom and a bird of wit. I am a feathered Brahmin, but not a Brahma rooster. I know many things. I know that "Tom" Platt is promising to stand by Blaine this year, simply because he knows that there will be no chance for Mr. James G. Blaine. I know that this is summer time, I know that nature's now sublime, I know that PUCK 's worth twice a dime. If I were to tell you all I know and foresee, you would put me down for a feathered Mother Shipton, and wonder why I am not a professional fortune-teller. Therefore, I will tell you nothing more than I know at present, except that if you are in need of happiness and enjoyment, and want to increase your weight with laughter, you must not fail to purchase a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, which can be obtained of all newsdealers for twenty-five cents.

Mailed, by the publishers, to any address on receipt of thirty cents. The Four Crops to one address, \$1.00.

BLAINE's was a sort of irregular declension. *Ottawa Local News*.

MANY a town along the Mississippi is just now enjoying the distinction of being a "modern Venice." For the benefit of travelers who might otherwise be deceived, we wish to state that Venice does not consist of three white-washed shanties and a slimy slough.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

No matter how good a judge of cloth a man may be, when he buys a suit of clothes he generally gets "worsted."—*Ottawa Local News*.



Professional Unselfishness.

A FACT.

PATERFAMILIAS (delighted).—Why, Doctor, this is the smallest bill I've had for twenty years!

DENTIST.—Yes; but it don't include professional advice.

PATERFAMILIAS.—What advice do you mean?

DENTIST.—Six months ago I induced your wife and children to hanish bristles, and use instead the "Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher," which naturally absorbs the oils and deposits on the teeth, and perfectly polishes the enamel, thus preventing decay.

PATERFAMILIAS.—You don't say so! Guess I'll get one myself.

Ladies, Travelers, Smokers, everybody appreciates its results of polish, its great convenience and neatness, and the refreshing smoothness and cleanliness imparted to the teeth by its use, without any of the annoyances and positive injuries inflicted by bristles.

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LUMBAGO.

Gen. F. B. SPINOLA, Member of Congress from New York City, writes:

"WESTMINSTER HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY, March 2nd, 1887.

"It is a public duty I perform when I testify to the remarkable curative power of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. For several years I have been at times troubled with violent attacks of lumbago. They would last for several weeks at a time, and the pain would reach from the lumbar regions not only to my feet, but to my finger ends. Some months ago I had a most severe attack, and was confined to my bed, almost paralyzed. I felt much discouraged, and thought of recurring to electric shocks, when Senator Nelson sent me six ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I immediately applied three—one over the kidneys, one on the small of my back, and one on my hip joint, where I had considerable sciatic pain. The effect was simply wonderful. In six hours I was able to sleep, the violent pain having mostly ceased. I continued to wear the Plasters for some days, when I felt I was almost entirely cured. I kept them on for nearly a month, as a matter of precaution."

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THE PROPER THING.

MRS. SMITH.—Is n't that Mrs. Brown, going down the street?

MRS. JONES.—Yes.

MRS. S.—Why, I thought her husband died last week.

MRS. J.—So he did.

MRS. S.—But she's in second mourning.

MRS. J.—Well, he was her second husband, you know.—*Boston Courier*.

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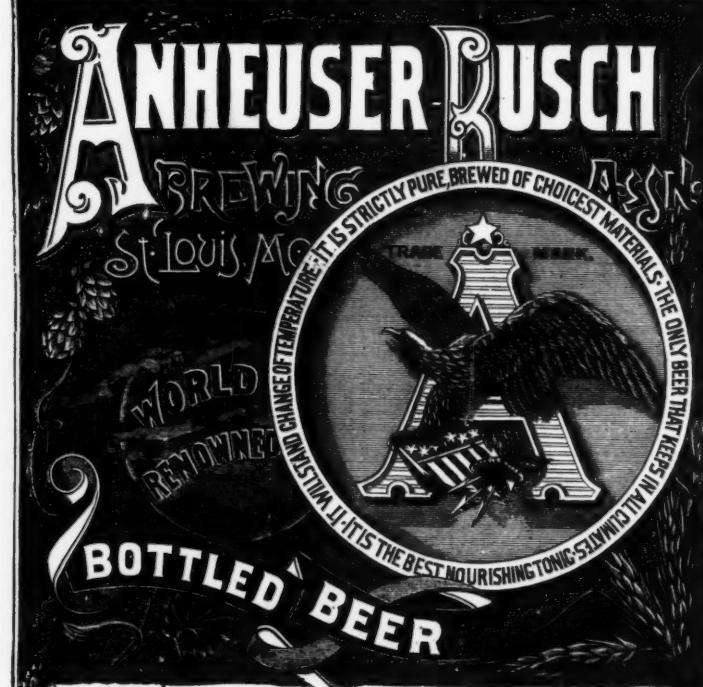
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NEW YORK (143 3rd Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the world. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and after taking six (6) bottles, I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks.

BROOKLYN (458 Henry St.), Jan. 31st, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James J. Cluney

NEW YORK CITY (157 W. 23rd St.), Jan. 25th, 1888.—For about 10 years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about 18 or 20 bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham C. Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 30 E. 22d St.), Feb. 3rd, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctor's pronounced at that time Bright's Disease.

H. M. Libbie.

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured 23 years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl St., Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

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IN KENTUCKY.

RUNAWAY COUPLE (to MINISTER).—Will you join us?

MINISTER.—Thanks; I don't care if I do.—*Washington Critic.*

THE mystery of a hansom cab.—What is the fare?—*Gossip.*

It is "touch and go" with people who incautiously handle electric-light wires.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MRS. WHEATDEAL.—Yes, my son is going to marry a daughter of one of the best families in Boston.

MRS. BACKBAY.—Ah, indeed? Chicago and Boston! Pork and Beans! What a delightful combination!—*Washington Critic.*

SOME of the able editors of the obscure papers who are asking Governor Foraker to personally enforce the State liquor law and the city ordinances in Cincinnati, are clamoring for home rule in Ireland. Why not have home rule in America?—*Columbus Dispatch.*

NEW BOARDER (in Wisconsin Street boarding-house).—I say, waiter, is it customary to serve soup in a tumbler?

WAITER (in disgust).—Dat ain't soup, you jay, dat's water; de lake was rough last night.—*Peck's Sun.*

IF YOUR face is pale from dyspepsia, diet.—*Boston Courier.*

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"What kind of a railroad is this, anyhow, where the conductor keeps trying to make the passengers comfortable? You don't catch an American conductor doing any such foolish tricks as that!"

HIS RETURN.—"Ah, this makes me feel good! They can praise up Europe all they want to; but I tell you there ain't anything there like *this*!"



F. Opper